

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 21

Chinook, Alberta, Thursday, Aug. 26th 1937

No. 16

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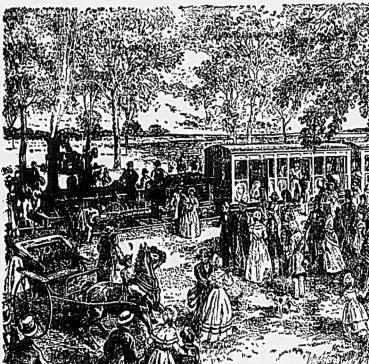
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Canada's Railway Centenary



THIS year is Canada's railway Centenary. On July 1st, 1851, Canada's first steam train was operated between L'Assomption and St. John's, Quebec, over the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway, the first link in the chain which now constitutes the Canadian National System. The opening was made the occasion for a gala celebration at which a train was pulled by the leading citizens of L'Assomption to the members of the Company. These far-seeing men, whose immediate object was the creation of a transportation link between Montreal and the West, were pioneers of Canada's development. But

perhaps even they could not visualize the vast country that would be built up as a result of the introduction of the steam railway. The sixteen miles of line which the directors had hauled the coaches carrying the distinguished guests of the Company, has developed into the great Canadian National System, a great 21,000 miles of line serving Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The drawing, depicting the start of the first train, is from a painting by A. E. Smith, a Scotch R.C.A., and is reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Bank of Canada.

Miscellaneous News

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bradford, Misses Margaret and Jean Bradford, of Sibbald, Miss Austin and daughter, Miss Jean Austin, of Oyen, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Isbister on Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Bayley left Sunday for Vancouver where she will spend a month or two. She will stop off at Lethbridge where Mrs. E. C. Pfeiffer and little Maxine will meet her, and they will take the trip together to Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Morrell returned this week after having spent the two months vacation at Edmonton and Oyen.

Mr. Nicodemus, Mine owner from Sheerness, was a business visitor Tuesday.

Jean Mortimer, is visiting with Grace Stewart at Coll holme for a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Allen returned from Mannville on Tuesday.

Mr. Homer Butts, Hanna, former Chinook barber, visited here Wednesday.

Mr. A. J. Given, Drum-heller, visited his Aunt, Mrs. Isbister, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Ellis moved from their farm south of town, into the house owned by Mr. C. E. Neff this week.

Mr. R. V. Lawrence who has been visiting for some months at the home of his parents in Ontario, returned this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Meeres and family are moving to Bassano where Mr. Meeres has been appointed principal of the school in that town.

Miss Estelle McKinnon is visiting at her home here prior to leaving for Haines district where she will teach.

Mr. N. D. Stewart returned Calgary Sunday.

Mr. R. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stewart returned to Brooks Tuesday.

Miss Petersen who has been working at Irricana for the past four months, returned to her home here on Sunday.

A number of the ladies of the Chinook district from town and south of town motored to Youngs town, where they attended the W. I. Acadia Conference Constitution on Thursday afternoon.

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERIES

Black Tea	per lb	.45c
Bean or Ground Coffee	per lb	.25c
H. P. Sauce	per bottle	.35c
Tomatoe Catsup	per tin	.13c
Lifebuoy Soap	per cake	.9c
Bran and Shorts	on hand	

Coal Oil, Gasoline, Grease & Oil

SOCIAL CREDIT PICNIC HELD

Social Credit Picnic was held at a grove two miles east and one half mile south of Cereal on Wednesday, Aug. 25th, there being an excellent turnout. The following were the speakers:

Victor Quelch M. P., Mrs. Gostick M. L. A., Hon. E. C. Manning, Hon. Maynard also N. B. James M. L. A. A visitor from North Dakota also spoke, in sympathy with the movement.

The aim of this meeting was to make clear to the people,

Are we to be ruled by our elected Provincial Government or by the International Banks?



P. J. JOHNSON
Trans Canada Air Lines

GOOD CLEAN RESTAURANT

Fresh Meat-for-sale
Ice Cream, Confectionary, Soft Drinks
All Kinds Tobacco
Meals at reasonable prices.

MAH BROS.

New Breed of Sheep for Canadian Farmers



Shown above on their arrival in Canada in the Canadian Pacific Steamships freighter Beaverbrae are several sheep which mean a great deal to Canadian farmers in the future. They are a gift of the province of Ontario from the Kerry Hill Flock Book Society in North Wales and are an outstanding breed of general utility sheep, which due to their adaptability to any environment, are expected to gain rapid favor in this country.

An idea of the economic and genetic value of the gift can be derived from the fact that the animals took first prize at the annual Kerry Hill Sheep Fair where some 10,000 to 15,000 sheep were shown. Besides being able to withstand bleak weather, these sheep are handsome and symmetrical, and will, it is felt, prove of great value to Canadian farmers.



THE YELLOW BRIAR

A Story of the Irish on the Canadian Countryside

By PATRICK SLATER

By arrangement with Thomas Allen, Publisher, Toronto.

CHAPTER X.

Betty Marshall had quit the Monday school for keeps. So, at the age of thirteen, the pale, boyish, young slip of a thing felt that she must now indeed be a grown-up miss. In fact, she made some motions of doing up her hair; and from her stirrings about one would fancy at times the weighty care of the entire household rested upon her slim, young shoulders. One of her special concerns was the Lion cooking stove the kitchen now boasted—a black, monstrous creature with thing-u-majigs scaloped on its body. The ravenous maw of the beast seemed always crying out for finely-split, solid wood, which its tongues of flame licked up without ceasing; but a grand cooker it was with a handy tank in its posterior for heating water. And the Lion was actually built for warming a room and not, like the old fireplace, for heating a flue. Betty domedleated the creature's back till it shone like the hide of a Guinea nigger. And the girl was a rare successful hand, too, at growing fuchsias from slips in old tin cans. But that first winter at home her special ambition lay in getting together the makings for a rag carpet to cover part of the yellow kitchen floor. Betty kept crying out for rags and more rags, and, like the horse-leech's daughter, she was never satisfied. Bundles of old clothes came up from the relatives in Toronto. First the garments were taken to pieces and washed; then the lighter colored material went into the dye pot. Finally a single load of rag balls went to be woven at the handloom in the village. We admired the strips of carpet loudly, and, believe me, we treated them with great respect.

There was something of John Truman's grim willfulness in the temper of his granddaughter. Two years back the Croziers had planted a row of young maple trees down their lane, and Betty was dead set in the opinion that the Marshall lane stood in need of a like treatment. She harped on the subject from Easter on, but, in the throng of spring work, no one lent a listening ear. Late one afternoon I spied the young miss dragging a couple of stout saplings home from the bush. Her eyes had been bigger than her shoulders. Heavy storm clouds burst over her with the weight of the rain in them, but despite the downpour, the determined young creature dragged her loot to the lane gate. Forked lightning struck down sharp enough to kill a pig, but the girl planted her trees in a futile sort of way, and then darted into the house, hasty and disdainful as a blast of wind.

"The old sow will root your treasures out on you," said I to her. "Your trees should be planted on the field side of the lane fence."

I got no thanks for my free advice.

"I tell you what I'll do for you, Elizabeth," I went on. "Come now; I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll get the roots from Mrs. McKim and make a bed of hollyhocks by the gate coming in from the barn, I'll take the team back to the bush next week and get enough trees for both sides of your lane. But mind now, I want cream hollyhocks!" I warned her.

The young maple trees I planted a few days afterward still stand, and the girth of the least of them at the butt is more than my arms can circle. And as sure as God made little apples, the girl's hollyhocks were nodding and winking over the fence at me by the twelfth of July of glorious memory.

That was the time of the year that

grand-aunt Letitia arrived with her trunk and two hat boxes to make the farm the annual visit that disturbed very much the quiet serenity of its household. She came in on William's side of the family. You get that! The prim old maid was a regular go-getter, with time souring on her hands; and she was an opinionated female of the type that busy themselves nowadays campaigning for birth control or something. Of course, it had been Letitia's own fault she never married. Any possible young woman suspect a husband if she watches her step and is not too particular as to quality. The grand-aunt had done so much shopping about it, I fancy, that she found herself crossing the street when the shops all closed on her, and called it a day.

Letitia lacked the repose of soul that makes a woman a good visitor in the countryside. She was on her feet from morning to night, busy rectifying matters, and cheerfully insisting that everything be done her way. She was a capable woman, no doubt; but to tell the truth, I did not like her cooking. Her pies were of the affectionate kind that stick on the pan. Letitia was a bossy old woman, who stuck her nose into everything. And that, as you'll agree, is a little trying on the patience of a busily-middled farm wife in the throng of the midsummer work. Not, of course, that Mrs. Marshall showed it outwardly in word or deed—but the strain took it out of her spirit. July is a mean season, anyway, for visiting on an Ontario farm. The intense, enervating heat of midsummers pastures and dries up the wells in the thirsty ground and the fountains of kindness in the heart. The sun swings low on its blistering journey across hot, cloudless skies, and sinks in a sultry stillness that breathes an angry threat for the morrow. The temperature itself may not be as high as in more southerly climes, but there is a wittiness to this inland summer heat. Settlers take a long time to adapt their clothing and diet to climatic conditions in a new northern land. Because the winters in Canada are cold, men for a century have been wearing heavy clothing in its not harvest season, and, all year round, they stoke the fires in their bodies with fatty foods. Some day Canadians will drift away from the clumsy, stupid, Irish notion that clothing keeps the heat out. Nothing delights my old eyes more than the sight of the bare, brown, shiny back of a young fellow, up aloft in a field, building a load of hay. Here at long last is something indigenous to the soil! The sun gives his hide the bronze of an Indian warrior and the gloss of a ripening chokeberry. In my young days, both men and women in rural Ontario were distressingly over-clad in the summer season.

July of 1857 was a scorchin in Mono. It was hot enough to crack stones, and stray clouds merely threatened rain as they drifted off to the west, leaving a close, humid sweater in their wake. It was a bad season for Nancy Marshall's poultry. The chick of the bronze turkey is the smartest, snappiest, sweetest little bird that ever rolled out of a shell to chase bugs on sturdy legs, but no feathered thing ever had a more witness-mother. During the rainy spring season, Nancy trailed daily through the wet grass after her turkey hen to reason with them and to feed the young poults on clattered milk and nettles. Even at that, the survivors promised pride and profit until the hot spell smote them. At break of day, the crazy hens, with their "click! click!" would lead the tender creatures off to chase cracker hoppers over the blistering hillsides, and sharp at three o'clock in the afternoon, the straggling flock would return back at the kitchen door to tell Nancy their tale of woe. Every day, it seemed, weak young birds would drag themselves back to say "peep! peep!" and then lie down listlessly to die before their eyes—without even a kick. It was heart-scarfing! What with the heat, and the throng of harvest work, and Aunt Letitia, and the turkeys, the light of gladness seemed to go out of Nancy's eyes for a while.

Betty's future was the grand-aunt's special care that summer. The fashions of Mono impressed the lady as somewhat rustic; and she strongly urged that, for a proper finishing, the young girl be sent to a ladies' school in Toronto and get ready to make a good match. It was The Toronto Ladies' School on York Street, of which Mrs. Poeller was lady principal, that Miss Letitia favored. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall had seriously discussed Betty's future before Miss Letitia's arrival, but they had quietly laid the matter aside for family discussion at a more convenient season. "Indeed, Willie!" the visitor declared, "you can well afford it, and the child's future is to be considered."

Mrs. Marshall's mind now hung back from agreeing with a suggestion touching her daughter's future, coming as it did from the other side of the family.

"Indeed," said she, "I don't require to send my daughter to a ladies' school to be taught table manners."

At Mrs. Poeller's school, young ladies were given "a thorough English education, also French, music, dancing, singing, drawing, wax flowers, embroidery, and all kinds of plain and ornamental needlework."

Mr. Marshall was favorably impressed with the school because of its regular advertisement in The Globe newspaper.

At the height of one of the discussions at the dinner table, Mrs. Marshall raised doubts as to the dancing, and referred to the discipline of the Methodist Connexion.

"You better speak to the minister about it, William," she suggested. "The last time he made us a pastoral call, the man was sighing with thoughts of hell fire because our ladies were washing their faces in tansey and buttermilk."

That, of course, was a silly dig at Aunt Letitia, who flushed up and promptly collapsed into one of her spasms. Nowadays we would describe such a flaccid weak spell as gas on the stomach. The woman was laced up so tightly, to affect a slim waistline, that useful organs were packed out of place. A pinch of baking soda might have relieved her. She wilted and collapsed.

"Me heart . . . my heart, Willie," she gasped feebly, "the salts . . . Willie . . . my salts!"

We all thought she was going out; but a whiff or two revived her.

That fainting spell settled, of course, the matter of young Betty going to Mrs. Poeller's school for young ladies, and not a moment too soon as events proved. With a dressmaker in the house, and Aunt Letitia assisting, it required six weeks steady work, between sewings and fittings, to get the girl's wardrobe ready by the fall opening of the academy. Believe me, those were days of fine stitches and art needlework!

(To Be Continued)

Pitfalls For Writers

Mistakes Always Hide Themselves Until Article Is Printed

All writers for the press know what pits they are liable to fall into any day. Why does a mistake that glares and gibbers at you in print hide itself so successfully in the copy or the proof? How do you come to set down "eighteenth" century when you mean "nineteenth"? How does Richard Grant White's "heteronymy" persecute you that you are capable of attributing "Paradise Lost" to John Milton, the crazy sporting squire?

Some students of demonology believe firmly in the constant presence and malice of the writer's devil. He puts temporary kinks in your intellects, mixes up figures and dates, plays all sorts of pranks with you and can be heard chuckling the next morning when horror and remorse are eating you—New York Times.

Members of a jazz band that performed at a fruit show were given samples of the exhibits afterwards. The crooner was rather annoyed, I understand, when he was presented with a giant raspberry.

Be that as it may, there are only two periods in a woman's life when she can't be understood by man, and those are before and after marriage.

In Greater London alone, nearly 100,000 boys and girls become available for work every year.

ITALY HAS SPECIAL COLONIES FOR CHILDREN



New infants' welfare centres have been instituted in various parts of Italy for the health benefit of little children, and above we see King Emmanuel visiting one of the colonies in Rome. The little tots are not at all embarrassed by such an important visitor and continue playing on the sands.

How Land Is Divided

Lines Of Longitude Separate Each Country's Possessions In Arctic

The flights of Soviet airmen in the Arctic regions have raised in the minds of not a few the question, "Who owns the North Pole?" If there is any land there at all, it has been asked, is it Canada's by reason of the Dominion's claim, made several years ago, to sovereignty over all lands between its Arctic mainland border and the top of the world?

Or does it belong to the United States because of Peary's discovery of the spot just over 30 years ago? Or does it now belong to the U.S.S.R. by right of possession and settlement? Boundaries laid down for the international partition of the Arctic, it is said, are as invisible as is the boundary between Canada and the United States, but they are equally capable of exact delimitation. All that portion of the Arctic region coming within the projections of the lines of longitude of each country belongs to that country. Soviet Russia claims everything in the segment between Murmansk and Berlin Sea and the North Pole; the United States has sovereign control extending from the mainland of Alaska between Bering Sea and Davis Strait, and stretching to the North Pole. In point of fact, it may be added, the Soviet flights have been carried out with the consent and by arrangement with the countries over whose spheres they had to fly on which they might have to land. It is two years since the U.S.S.R. first asked permission for its aviators to fly over Canadian territory. Not only was this readily given, but during their recent flights they have been supplied with weather reports from Canada—Chicago Daily News.

A REVOLUTION IN THE KITCHEN



At grocers, druggists, stationers and departmental stores!

PRESTO-PACK

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED
HAMILTON
ONTARIO

Warehouses at Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg

Highway Racketeers

Large Number Of Hitch-Hikers Able To Pay Their Way

If all young, well-dressed, able-bodied men who solicit rides along the highway were really penniless and unable to furnish themselves with recognized transportation, there might be some reason for allowing them to pester passing traffic and for meeting their wishes, although it is often a decidedly risky business to take strangers into a car and many a man has found himself ill-used and robbed as reward for his kindness.

But in all too many cases, these people who prey upon motorists are not only neat and well-dressed, carrying their belongings with them in grips or suit-cases, but have ample funds in their pockets to pay for transportation by means of train or motor coach.

The average young hitch-hiker is simply a petty racketeer who moves from place to place by his nerve and at someone else's expense and who boasts of his free travel at the end of his journey while he has plenty of money to move without such assistance.—Brookville Recorder and Times.

A Fortunate Province

Industrial Activity In Manitoba Shows Progress This Year

Though the West as a whole is hard hit by crop failures and other difficulties this year, Manitoba is not.

Manitoba as a matter of fact is steadily progressing this year in all departments of industrial activity. Without boasting, and certainly with no thought of gloating over neighboring provinces in the West—whose misfortunes, indeed, touch Winnipeg and Manitoba deeply—these facts may be pointed out.

Manitoba has better than average crops, and will receive for them better than average prices.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Famous Author Dead

Lieut.-Colonel McNelle Was Creator Of "Bulldog Drummond"

"Sapper," the creator of "Bulldog Drummond," of detective fiction fame, died recently at his home in Fulbough, Sussex, England.

The author, whose real name was Lieut.-Colonel Cyril McNelle, late of the Royal Engineers, was 36 years old.

He began writing detective novels after his retirement from the army following the Great War, and his "Bulldog Drummond" series won him a wide following.

Walter Must Be Adaptable

The customer is always right: All waiters in a leading U.S. hotel chain are required to repeat the pronunciation of words just as the patron says them. Thus if you order to-may-toes, to-may-toes is what your waiter calls 'em. But if the fellow at the next table orders to-mah-toes, they're to-mah-toes when the waiter repeats his order.

Overspending is said to be the chief danger to the national health in Scotland now.

Many a Soviet ship sailing on the Baltic Sea these days has a woman for its captain.

Little Helps For This Week

Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. John 13:9.

Take my hands and let them move.

At the impulse of Thy love:

Take my feet and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee.

If a man is to God what his hand is to a man, let him be content and not seek further. Let him strive with all his might to obey God and keep His commandments at all times so there is nothing that would in any way oppose God. Let him keep his soul and body ready and willing for that to which God has created them. As ready and willing as his hand is to a man, which is so wholly in his power he moves and turns it whether he will. When the soul covets nothing that is contrary to the will of God, this is perfect sanctification.

Tribute To Weekly Papers

President Of University In Halifax Stresses Their Power

Tribute to Canadian weekly newspapers was paid by President A. Stanley Walker, of King's University, Halifax, in an address to the Canadian Weekly Newspapers' Association convention delegates.

The power of weekly newspapers was stressed by the newly-appointed president of Canada's oldest English-speaking university. He said he wondered whether the French revolution could have attained the force it did were it not for the weekly news-papers of the time.

Presentation of a silver tray to retiring President L. J. Bennett, Carmen, Man., was a feature of the dinner tendered delegates. The presentation was made by immediate past-President Charles Barber, of Chilliwack, B.C.

Trophies for excellence in various phases of newspaper work were presented. H. P. Davidson, of the Wolfville, N.S., Acadian, received a gold wrist watch offered for the best front page.

Sounds Like Good Idea

B.B.C. Is Going To Hold A Conference Of Grumblers

The British Broadcasting Corporation long a target for a substantial amount of public abuse, has hit upon a plan to calm its tormentors.

It has called the world's first "grumbler's conference" and has selected 20 delegates from big piles of mail which carry register listeners' complaints. The grumbler's will meet an official of the corporation's public relations department who will attempt to collect information through which programs can be improved.

Clothes have disrupted the glamor of Bali, romantic island off the east coast of Java, believes Baron Maximilian Daum, nobleman, native of Batavia, Java.

All motion pictures exhibited in Japan must pass the censorship of the Japanese home office.

Don't fool yourself into mistaking activity for efficiency. Most of the time it isn't.

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Published by Mrs. M. C. Nicholson every Thursday afternoon from The Advance Building, Main Street Chinook, Alberta, and entered at the postoffice as second class mail matter.

The subscription rates to The Advance are—display, 40c each week for first week and 30c for each succeeding week, providing no change is made; For heavy copy publication an extra charge is made, per word, 15c each word. Legal advertising, 15c per cent line for first week and 10c for each succeeding week. Cards of thanks, \$1.00.

Advertisements under this heading are charged at the rate of 10c for 25 words or less per week, with 10c for each additional 5 words. Three weeks for the price of two.

All letters addressed to the editor for insertion in The Advance, must be signed, to show bona fide of the writer. Publication in all cases is subject to the judgment of the Publisher. We do not necessarily concur with views expressed.

CHINOOK MARKET PRICES

WHEAT

1 Northern	1.23 L-2
2 Northern	1.21
3 Northern	1.13

OATS

2 G. W.	45
Ex. 1 Feed	43



CHINOOK UNITED CHURCH

Sunday Aug. 22nd

Church Service 11. a.m.
Come and bring your friends in worship.

Rev. Mr. Whaley
Pastor

Motor Truck Draying

Prompt Service.

Earl Robinson, Chinook

Printing "News"

is our

Business

Send

Yours In

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Chinook Beauty Shoppe

Marcel.....	50 cts
Reset.....	25 cts
Finger wave.....	25 cts
" [dried]	35 cts
Shampoo.....	25 cts

Mrs. W. Gallagher Prop.

Restaurant Building in the town of Chinook. Apply to The Chinook Advance

CHANGE IN CANADIAN NATIONAL R.R.Y. TIME TABLE

No. 9 West bound, passenger,
127 a. m., except Monday.
N. to E. bound, passenger,
3:08 a. m. Effective Sunday

Divine Service is held in the Chinook United Church every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. A very cordial invitation is extended to all to share the inspiration and fellowship of these services. Strangers and visitors are always welcome.

H. A. Whaley
Youngstown

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug 18 (A.P.) — A prospective bridegroom gave Miss Tselman Smith, leprous clerk, a bag full of pennies and asked for a \$2.00 marriage license.

"You only have 199 pennies," aid Miss Smith after a laborious count, "and this isn't bargain day. The youth reared, fished unsuccessfully in his pockets, turning to his wife to be, he whispered: 'Do you have one?' he did.

Huge Water Hole Made by Farmers

CORONATION, (Special) — Three miles south and eighteen miles west of town a stock watering project has been completed. The water reservoir constructed has a capacity of 270,000 gallons, and was built by local farmers under the dry area water conservation scheme.

The excavation is 120 feet long stone bottom by 60 feet wide. Its depth is six feet, sandstone having been struck at that point, through the sandstone bottom five fresh water springs bubble continuously, furnishing a constant supply of good water for the huge hole. Several hundred head of stock will depend on this water source for their requirements.

Ladies' Card Club

The Ladies' Card Club will meet Tuesday evening, Sept. 27th, at the home of Mrs. Todd.

The Bank of Toronto has notified all patrons that the branch at Youngstown will close on the 25th of the month

**TRAVEL
BARGAIN**
to
**BRITISH
COLUMBIA**
Blue River, McBride and West
to **VANCOUVER**
Victoria
PRINCE RUPERT
Approximately
PER **1½ MILE**
in each direction—Good in Coaches
PER **1½ MILE**
in each direction—Good in
Tourist Sleepers
on payment of regular berth rate
PER **1½ MILE**
in each direction—Good in
Standard Sleepers
on payment of regular berth rate
TICKETS ON SALE DAILY
SEPTEMBER 4th TO 12th
Return Limit—30 Days
Stopovers allowed: Edmonton,
Calgary and West;
Children, 5 years and under, 1/2
Half Fare
Full particulars from any Agent
W. S. & C. Co.

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL**

All Grade IX Pupils Were Successful

People of Chinook School District will be pleased to know that the usual high standard of School work has again been repeated this year. The results of High School Department examinations were published last week.

We have since learned that the pupils who wrote the new Departmental examinations for Grade IX were all successful in passing.

In comparison with results learned from other schools, we find that the Percentage of pass in Chinook far exceeds the others.

The Chinook Consolidated School will open on Wednesday, September 1st.

Sleeping Sickness Kills Many Horses

WINNIPEG, Aug 23—(C.)

Sleeping sickness among horses is spreading swiftly through the heart of North America and reports to Winnipeg yesterday indicate a heavy toll along the international boundary.

Farmers and veterinarians in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and the United States mid west, unable to obtain sufficient serum and vaccine, hoped for continuation of cool weather to bring relief from the worst plague of equine sickness in years.

Harvesting operations in some districts of Manitoba were handicapped. Several farmers reported as many as four deaths besides having four or five of their remaining work horses ill.

In Saskatchewan the disease was believed to be less severe. It was described as spreading more rapidly but of a less deadly type than two years ago when hundreds of horses died in that Province. Deaths in Saskatchewan were estimated at more than 100 last week.

In Minnesota more than 2,000 farmers reported sickness among their horses. It was usually severe in North and South Dakota and extended into Nebraska.

Second Prize Given To Drumheller Mail For Display of News

DRUMHELLER, (Special) — Word was received yesterday that the Drumheller Mail was awarded second prize for front page display in its class at the weekly newspaper convention at Halifax last week end. G. C. Duncan, publisher of the Mail, who attended the convention, forwarded this information to Victor Ball, associate editor of the paper. Last year the Mail won first prize.

Mrs. R. H. Scott, of 836 Royal Ave. Calgary, was a pleasant caller at the Advance Office on Wednesday. Mrs. Scott learned the printing trade while young, and was employed in office of the "Old Ciron Standard", also the "Dufferin Leader", Manitoba, where she was employed until the time of her marriage to Mr. R. H. Scott in 1920.

Reduced Fares FOR Labor Day

Sept. 6th
between all Stations in Canada

Single Fare
and One-Quarter
for Round Trip

MINIMUM FARE 25¢
GOING: Sept. 3 to 2 p.m. Sept. 6
RETURNING: Leave destination
until midnight, Sept. 6.
SLEEPING AND PARLOR CAR
PRIVILEGES at usual rates
Full Information from Local Agent

**CANADIAN
NATIONAL**

DROUGHT AREA, CAN BE SAVED SAYS PALMER

Believes Irrigation
Could Restore Fertility

YOUNGSTOWN, (Special) — Speaking to an audience of interested listeners on Tuesday afternoon, E. A. Palmer of Lethbridge gave a discussion on subjects of particular interest to the people in this area, namely, Conservation of Water, Irrigation and Stock Watering Projects, as well as Regrassing.

The speaker urged the people to form a local improvement district, which would be affiliated with other locals now organized between Delia and Saskatchewan boundary. Such an organization was formed, having F. W. Eller, president; J. A. Cameron, vice president, and W. L. Sharplin, secretary, three directors; J. Payne, H. M. Brunell, and J. Beamish.

Mr. Palmer assured his audience that the soil here was good and was productive under irrigation. Different instances were cited to prove this point. The speaker explained that there were many natural watercourses through this drought area, many of which could be utilized and thus provide water for acres of productive soil, which ordinarily would not receive sufficient moisture in the growing season to produce a crop.

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With Your

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Requirements

The Chinook Advance

BEER

Is Best

A product abundantly rich in vitalizing, health giving properties... brewed and matured with all its natural goodness retained

For Health and Refreshment
DRINK BEER
Insist on Alberta-made Beer...
There's none better

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ernment of the Province of Alberta